

9 MANGORA,

King of the TIMBUSIANS.

OR THE

Faithful Couple.

A

TRAGEDY.

By Sir THOMAS MOORE.

*Non equidem studio, bullatis ut mihi nugis
Pagina turgescat, dare pondus idonea fumo.* Pers.

Vix ea nostra voco. Ovid.

— Nos hac novimus esse nihil. Mart.

L O N D O N :

Printed for W. HARVEY at the Receipt of General Post Letters
within Temple-bar, and E. NUTT at the Middle Temple Gate,
in Fleet-street. 1718.

MAN GOR A

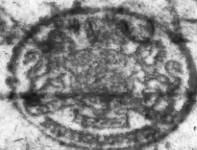
King of the TIMBUSINNS

FOR THE

Faithful Couple

TRAGEDY

BY THE YOUNG MAN MOORE



Not to be printed without the consent of the Author.
Printed by J. DODD, at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.
Overset by J. DODD, at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.
No. 1. 1795.

LONDON

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INTRODUCTION.

THIS Trifle is thrown into the World with Latitude sufficient for all the ill-natur'd Pens to vent their Gaul and Wormwood: And is of so little Value to the Author, that he esteems it only as a Heap of Rubbish: You may hack and hew 'till you have turn'd your Edges, without Advantage to yourselves, or that.

The knowing Part of Mankind, worthily esteem'd by all, will look on it as a new-design'd Diversion for the Town; and are all truly sensible what flight things please the Age; then generously refuse to wound what is already full of Scars.

As for the little Criticks of the Town, here are more Faults than they can with their Spectacles find out. And Mr. Dryden's *Memorandum* shall be their *Memento Meri*:

*It always is a meaner Part of Sense,
To find a Fault, than taste an Excellence.*

The PROLOGUE spoken by Mrs. Spiller in Man's-Cloaths.

SOME Politicians noise our House undoing:
What shall I do?—Why scamper out a wooing,

And to that Sphere of Beauty make Addressee,
Hearts form'd so tender, pity all Distresser:

Then, am not I a peri, young noisy Fellow,
Ripe to attack some wealthy Nymph that's mellow?

You all may guess: But who can tell what Riches
Do lie conceal'd within those airy Breeches?

Though I want spiring up like some tall Steeple,
I have what well may please the willing People;

And usually, what to the Height's denied,
Kind Nature has some other way supplied.

The little nimble Bee the Honey brings,
The larger Drones did ever want their Stings.

Yet, if engag'd, I should fail in my Duty;
At six Days end each Spouse wou'd so salute ye:

And many in this Orb there might be found,
In half the time, that cou'd not stand their Ground:

But lest the loving Nymphs to sigh alone,
Whilst they, poor Men, were to their Uncles gone.

Do any Fortune-Hunters frozen upon me?
Why sure—the little Spark han't quite undone ye.

Ye have a very spacious Town to ramble,
Let him alone with one rich Fillee amble:

Then, if ye dare oppose—see—this I wear,
Telling did always gain the nicest Fair:

But well I see of Bloodshed no great Dangers;
Pacific Heroes are the greatest Rangers.

You pretty Men are grown the gentlest Creatures,
Only depend upon your taking Features:

How have I seen some wretched Hatchet Faces
Attacking Beauties with their dull Grimaces?

If such can take, why may not I succeed?

But

But have ye found me out——poor Men——indeed——
And to St. Valentine a true Well-willer,
You may suppose your Friend is Mrs. Spiller:
The Case is clear, and we are Friends at last;
Duce-Ace can never now rise up the Cast;
All Fears are over of that dreadful Day,
And for my Sex's sake you will befriend the Play.

The Epilogue spoken by Mrs. Bullock.

SURE 'tis a dreadful Story, when all's done,
A melancholy Scene to think upon,
Through what odd Turns of Life we Players run;
How oft we fall a Sacrifice to Love,
What Toils encounter, and what Torments prove:
But what's all this? My Business is to know
How you approve our present Scenes of Woe,
Our strange Vicissitudes, our fighting Powers,
Our dread Alarms,— and fatal black Amours.
No doubt, but you were all surpriz'd to hear
A sawcy Indian durst address the Fair,
Sigh from his sooty Breast his eager Flame,
And hope to win a pure white Spanish Dame:
But was't not strange, she'd not his Flame return,
And for the Moor in equal Passion burn?
——But she'd a Pattern of true Virtue prove,
Be martyr'd rather than renounce her Love.
She firmly, silly Fool, resolv'd — I have; As faith I would,
Too have try'd the Black, for he was Flesh and Blood,
No matter for his Countenance: All stuff,
He was a clean shap'd Fellow, that's enough.
But hold—let not my Sentiments condemn the Fair;
Think they may still be constant and sincere.
You Men reform, and your past Crimes atone,
Confine your wandering Fancies but to one:
Then our pleas'd Sex your Suits shall entertain,
And with a Lover's Joys reward a Lover's Pain.

Dramatis Personæ.

SPANIARDS.

Sebastian Gavot, Admiral of the Spanish Squadron.	Mr. Rogers.
Nuno de Lara, Governor of the Fort.	Mr. Smith.
Sebastian Hurtado, Lieutenant Governor.	Mr. Leigh.
Ruiz Mosquera, Hurtado's Friend.	Mr. Bullock Jun.
Father Jaques, a Priest, to be play'd as the Spanish Frier.	Mr. Bullock Sen.

INDIANS.

Mangora, King of the Timbusians.	Mr. Williams.
Siripus, Mangora's Brother.	Mr. Ogden.
Malivag, an Indian Priest.	Mr. Knapp.
Spirit.	Mr. Giffard.

SPANISH WOMEN.

Lucy de Miranda, Hurtado's Wife.	Mrs. Knight.
Donna Isabella, Sister to Miranda.	Mrs. Bullock.
Francisca, Miranda's Woman.	Mrs. Finch.

INDIAN WOMEN.

Hogen, Siripus's Wife.	Mrs. Kent.
Daan, an Indian Female Slave.	

Spanish Soldiers, Indian Guards, Dancers, and Singers.

SCENE Paraguay in the Indies.

M A N.

MANGORA,

King of the *Timbusians*.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Scene of Action the Parade of the Fort.

Enter Nuno de Lara, Sebastian Hurtado, and Ruiz Mosquera, with Spanish Soldiers.

Nuno. **T**HUS far the unbounded Seas have given us way
To Climes, that stretch'd unknown Meridians.
Thus far the *Spanish* Scepter bears its Sway,
And adds new Crowns to adorn our Monarch's Head.

Hurtado. Like native *Spaniards* bold, and daring Death,
We have plough'd for many Months the rolling Waves,
Which to our Labours yield this fruitful Harvest;
And Great *Garvot*, who was the *Britons* Darling,
Adding new Lands to their Imperial Crown,
Has led us to this Golden Nation.

Mosquera. The Soldiers high in their hopes of Wealth,
The Seamen prodigal of future Gains,
Lavish their home-got Store, nor fear a Want.
Tho' Worms and Stench infected our Provisions,
Cutting the Tropic, hardly known before
By any thing but Name; yet ev'ry Man
Without Disgust perform'd his cheerful Labour.

Nuno. Sebastian Hurtado, well thou know'st,
 And still methinks the direful Prospect's present,
 When gaping Seas sunk us in the Abyſs
 Unto the Verge of Hell; and then, as if
 That Place were not our destin'd Doom, how soon
 The swelling Tide on Mountains bore us up,
 And mix'd our Topsails with the airy Clouds,
 That from a Fear of being drown'd, we then
 Did much more dread the livid Light'ning's Flame,
 While horrid Thunder roll'd so near our Heads:
 The Choice was doubtful to be burnt or drown'd,
 Yet neither seem'd to us to be avoided.

Hurt. Good *Nuno de Lara*, and now our Governor,
 Well do my Thoughts recall the dismal Time;
 But still methinks I see the stirring Seamen
 Busy on the Shrouds, not fearing Death by Fire;
 Nor yet the brinish Shocks so often giv'n
 To our wooden Castles, till their Ribs being bruis'd,
 And crush'd with many a ratling Crack, gave loud Report,
 As Harbingers of Death: Yet still the Gold
 And Silver Mines possess'd their Breasts, that Death
 In any kind was banish'd from their Thoughts.

Mosq. From which our Safety may derive its Being:
 For being active to the last Degree,
 Their Care and Courage did reverse our Fate.

Hurt. But mov'd with noble Thoughts, my Friend *Mosquera*,
 Ambitious Loyalty first fir'd our Minds,
 To let the admiring Nations all behold
 How with new Kingdoms we enlarg'd our own.

Nun. From temperate Seasons into cold we sail'd,
 Where the North Star shot frozen Meteors down;
 From thence to fiery Zones, where burning Heat
 Consumes with Fevers Man's too brittle Flesh:
 All these we've pass'd, and fix'd our Standard here.

Mosq. Amongst the *Indians* Store of Wealth is found,
 Vessels of Gold and Silver in disorder lie,
 As of no value, in their Caves of Turf,
 Of which our Admiral *Gavor* has purchas'd many.

MANGORA.

3

Hurt. And at so low a Price, 'tis strange to Thought,
And moves our Admiration.

Nun. For Knives and Glasses, colour'd Beads and Tin,
They barter Gold and Silver, proud of Gain.
An innocent, but happy People, free
From vexatious Cares of Avarice.

Mosq. No hungry Usurer dwells here ;
For the litigious Lawyer no Employment's made.

Hurt. Our Admiral is with his purchas'd Wealth
Return'd to *Spain*, where he may justly boast
His flying Sails, spread in the Southern Seas,
Have bore him to such Lands, where Seeds of Gold
Lie bury'd in their native Womb of Earth,
And Treasures multiply beyond Man's Thought.

Mosq. Here in his Absence we have built this Fort,
Preventing future Harms that may arise
By any Difference with the native *Indians*.

Nun. There is no Prospect yet of Danger thence ;
With Love unusual they receive us all,
And fond Amusement of our Company.
What Drovers of Cattle, and what Loads of Corn,
What Heaps of Fruit and Fowl they daily bring !
Stor'd with Provisions by their Care, we live
In greater Plenty than in *Spain*.

Enter Father Jaques.

Faq. Where is the Governor ? O, Sir, I have seen such a Sight,
such a Sight ! But I have vow'd Poverty, Abstinence from the
Flesh, and Fasting : Yet I may dispense with my Vows sometimes,
for St. *Anthony's* Good, my Soul's Good, and sometimes for my
Body's Health. Our holy Father, you know, has given us large
Dispensations. Come, let us go. Pray, Gentlemen, don't delay ;
the *Indians*, honest Fellows, have set out their Market, and all
wait your Order to purchase. Pray, Gentlemen, go on. [*He*
shoulders the Governor along.] Ad, I long to be at it my
self. [*Aside.*]

Nun. Good Father *Jaques*, no more Haste than good Speed :
I know 'tis your Devotion leads you on
To make a Shrine for good St. *Anthony*.

Faq. Indeed *St. Anthony* does merit much,
To bring us to this Place.

But *Faques* merits more, and I'll provide for him.

Tell me of Saints, when my own Interest is in view! [Aside.

Nun. Come on then, let us go see these dazzling Objects.

Hurt. In my Conscience, if there be any thing to be gain'd,
The Frier will have the first hand in it. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The Scene opens, and discovers an Indian Market in a Wood, with great Heaps of divers Indian Fruits, and Calabashes fill'd with Gold and Silver Vessels; several Indians, Men and Women; Siripus and Daan in the Indian feather'd Habit.

Sir. My Brother, fond of a pale Generation,
Has order'd me to see our Indian Stores
Barter'd with the half-ripen'd People
Of yonder Fort, whose Looks, like shaded Fruit,
On which the Noon-day Sun ne'er casts his Eye,
Are green and callow. From European Lands
They tell they came, in bulky Things of Wood,
I know not how, driv'n by the Blast of Winds.
Methoughts, when first we saw them coming on,
They seem'd large Fish, that roll'd upon the Flood;
Till nearer Sight discover'd mighty Things,
Swell'd with a monstrous Bulk, which belching Fire,
After a hideous Roar, teem'd living Men.
From whence they came I know not, nor do care;
But do believe, that from the Moon they dropt
In some cold Fog, and never felt the Sun's
Full rip'ning Rays, to stamp our manly Colour
On their Villages. But here they come.

Enter Father Jaques, Nuno, Hurtado, Mosquera, Lucy de Miranda, Isabella, Francisca, and several Spanish Soldiers bearing Toys to barter with the Indians.

F. Faq. See, Governor, we have been much to blame
To make these honest People wait so long. [The Frier turns up
the Sleeve of his Habit, and shews the Indians different
Toys. They all run about him. He barter, and puts
the Golden Vessels in his Sleeve.]

Nun.

Nun. Kind *Siripus*, your Care and Friendship
Will raise up lasting Monuments of Love,
And fix our People readily your Friends.
When our Great Monarch hears your kind Supplies,
Your forward Zeal he will in full reward.

Sirip. I have fulfill'd my Brother's Orders——[*The Ladies make
their Choice, and give the Things to Francisca.*]
There your Business lies.——[*Then the Spaniards barter with the
Indians; the Soldiers delivering their Toys, carry off the
Indian Goods.*]

Hurt. Whither so fast, Father *Jaques*?
You'll surfeit that same Load of Flesh
With so much speed.——[*The Frier stumbles, the Vessels fly out of
his Sleeve.*]

Mosq. O good *St. Anthony*!
The Frier has been before us.

Nun. My Men shall help you, Father:
Don't overload that feeble Body.

F. Jaq. No, Governor, I say, no;
I will bear *St. Anthony's* Treasure my self:-
He will give me Strength to support my Labour.
Let them carry it! No; that's the way for him to convert it to his
own Use. [*Aside.*] Exit *F. Jaques*.

[*The Indians having receiv'd their Toys, hang them on their
Bodies, and dance out in antick Postures. Siripus and
Daan manent.*]

Mira. These Treasures are of little value, when
Compar'd with what we left to find this Place;
Our Fathers, Mothers, Friends, and native Home,
Besides the Dangers past in coming here,
Which would have froze all Womens Blood but ours:
Yet Love and Duty to my dear *Hurtado*
Has banish'd Fear and Danger from my Breast.

Hurt. Thou best of Women, and of Wives,
Whose tender Body with undaunted Mind
And Patience bore hard Usage of the Seas,
Nor did complain of Sicknefs, or of Want.

Mira. I having all my Store that Heaven ordain'd,
What could I want, having you within my Arms?

Sirip.

Sirip. Like Lightning something pierc't my stubborn Frame,
And at that Voice my strong knit Nerves unbend. [Aside.

Nun. You *Hurtado* are happy in Heroic Love,
And have a Wife merits an *Indian* Throne;
Be happy still, and as the Rising Sun
Brings Joy to all the Inhabitants of Earth,
So may each Day bring Comfort to your Lives:
While I must mourn that happy State as lost,
Quite lost to me in our sad Voyage hither,
When Death bereav'd me of my dear *Elvira*.

Hurt. But that same Loss may *Isabel* repair.

Isab. Who made you Ruler of my Fate?

Sirip. I gaze in vain to satisfy my Sight,
She is a *Basilisk*, and murders with her Eyes. [Aside.

Re-enter Father Jaques.

F. Jaq. Ha! By *St. Anthony* this is not well;
I've staid too long, the Treasure's all bestow'd,
And I have lost another Share:
Well, the next time shall make amends;
I'll go instruct my Pupil.

[The Priest goes to Daan, and
courts her in dumb Shew.

Mosq. See yonder comes
Mangora King of the *Timbusians*,
Our faithful Friend, and firm Ally.

Sirip. I'll see no more; but lose myself in Thought. [Aside.
Governor; I'll be your Friend still as I may. [Exit *Siripus*.

Enter *Mangora* richly habited in an *Indian Feather-Dress*; attended
with *Indian Guards*.

Nun. Great Monarch of *Timbusia*, whose Regard
Stretches not only to your Native Subjects,
But showers Plenty on a Stranger People:
We owe a tenfold Homage to your Throne,
And hope that future Ages may produce
Between my Master's Crown and yours a happy Union.

Mang. That you all owe your Safety to my Friendship,
Remains of an undoubted Proof, to you,
To all, that in my vast Dominions breath;
Nor have my People, by my strict Commands,
Been wanting to your Aid: With fresh Supplies

They

They daily fill your Fort, to which those Hills,
That front the Rising Sun, give a Foundation
Firm, and sure: All these by my free Grant
You safe enjoy, and shall much more; my Crown
I only wear for your Defence, a People sure
Descended from the Gods, whose Form so fair
Makes us blush through our Night of Black
To see our Imperfections.

Hurt. Most mighty Prince, whose Goodness so exceeds,
That though *America* none greater knows,
Yet here our Admiration must begin,
So good, so great, the World scarce knows an Equal.

Mang. But why have ye conceal'd these Fair Ones?
Could you distrust your Womens Safety here?
I must confess they are of mighty Worth,
To purchase such a Crown's too poor an Offering.
By all my Gods they shall no Danger know,
But here Reign with full Sovereignty of Pow'r,
While all my Subjects kneel before their Feet.

Mira. You raise, most Sovereign Prince, our doubtful Fortunes
Beyond poor helpless Womens Thoughts so much,
That we can only Pay the Tribute of our Praise
And Wonder on.

Mang. That was the Voice sure of some Silvan Goddesses. [*Aside*]
Why should such Beauties, made on purpose
To adorn the great Creation, live in vain
Immur'd within your Walls from Humane View?
Since I, what Sanction you demand, engage
For their Safe Conduct forth, and their Return.

Nun. Your Royal Word is a sufficient Pledge.

Mang. Not far from hence I have a Palace built,
With Grott's and Gardens fit for Ladies Walks.
Thither the Beauties of our Court resort,
And now this Day does celebrate my Birth;
Which very much will want of its full Lustre,
If you my Friends be absent, who give Life
To all my Joys

Hurt. None can refuse so good a Prince commanding.

Mang.

Mang. We shall expect your Friends. Till then, farewell.

[*Exeunt Mangora and Indian Guards.*]

Nun. What Thoughts *Hurtado* of this *Indian Monarch*?

Hurt. His Goodness flows with such a freedom,
That sure no black Design can be conceal'd therein.

Mosq. The surest way is to provide for Danger,
And under shew of Pomp let a good Guard attend us.

Nun. 'Tis well advis'd. Come, to the Fort lead on,
Our Time is short, and much we have to do.

F. Jaq. What, behind the Eastern Tower say you. [Exeunt.
to Daan.]

'Tis well, just when the Bell tolls Eight,
Fornication is a venial Sin, I will not fail you; go. [Daan and
F. Jaq. exeunt severally.]

SCENE III.

The Scene continues, Reenter Siripus solus.

Sirip. What a Tempestuous Storm shakes my great Soul,
And makes me sink beneath the powerful Shock?
I, that by Nature rough, and stern was made,
To chase wild Beasts upon the rugged Mountains,
To follow Death in all its various Forms,
Nor could the scorching Sun forbid my speed,
When the Fierce Lion, melting down with Heat,
Panted for Breath upon the burning Sand.
I, who unshaken stood when dismal Thunder roll'd
Just o'er my coleblack Head, and Lightning dash'd
Against my sooty Sides, that Salamander like
I liv'd in Flames. I, who undaunted bore
All these, am by the enchanting Tongue
Of a white Witch transform'd, a milder Form
Put on, my Blood runs back, my sullen Heart
Bounds in my Breast as it would break its Prison:
My whole Frame totters like an aged Tree
Rent by the Winds from off a Mountain's Brow.
I burst from Woods to Plains, from Plains to Towns,
And seek by Conversation to divert my Pain.
But, Oh! dull Man, I bear it in my Breast,
And what I shun still follows me along.
Thus, haunted with a Specter of Despair,
I rage, I rave, and tare my clotted Hair.

MANGORA.

9

Led by my Passion to this Place I come,
For here the Charm first seiz'd my working Brain.
Yonder she stood and burnt me with her Eyes,
And with her Tongue enchanted all my Senses.
The pale, and greenish Colour I dislik'd
In all the Tribe besides, was in her Cheeks
Spread with Vermillion die of lively Blood,
It would have mov'd one of our *Indian Santo's*;
Her Lips like Rubies, and her Eyes like Diamonds,
Whil'st I star'd on, bereft me of my Sight.
Had I not started in a Moment hence,
I must have slain a Victim at her Feet;
And still Despair pursues me. Can she love
My black and smutty Form? For this must
Sure be what Men call Love, a thing
I am unacquainted with; For when my Gust
Led me to any of our Native Females,
Where I had liking, there I fix't, and, cloy'd
With fulsome Luxury, ne'er felt a further Pain;
But here an Awe, a Dread hangs o're my Fate,
And something call'd Respect, I know not what,
Keeps me at distance. But I'll shake it off.
I must, and will enjoy this Stranger Fair;
Tho' I extirpate all the Brood for Her
Let Hell and Furies face my Way, I will rush on.
But hold, amongst yon Trees one of those Whites
Seems moving this way; 'Tis fit that I retire,
And in my Breast the burning Fiend contain:
'Tis Time and Resolution ends my Pain. [Exit Siripus.]

S C E N E. IV.

The Scene continues, Enter Mosquera alone.

Mosq. Unhappy Wretch! depriv'd of all my Blifs;
My *Isabella* banisht from my Arms,
And by the Man who most my Soul admir'd,
Within whose Breast I treasur'd all my Cares,
But Love. Vain Fool! Why blame I him?
Had I my Thoughts made known, his Friendly Aid
Could not be wanting to support my Hopes.
Curse on myself, curse on my Folly's Fear,

Which

Which thus has thrown me from a Heaven of Joy,
 These Eyes beheld the blushing Fair
 With Smiles adorn'd, to bless my happy State;
 When in a Moment, like an Eastern Blight,
 My Hopes fell back, and dwindled to Despair.
 This Man, this Friend, unknowing, made a Gift;
 To *Nuno* gave what Heaven before gave me,
 And said, that *Isabella* might *Elvira's* Loss supply.
 Can Heaven, that made her fair to admiration,
 Allow her to be false? Be gone such Thoughts,
 And sink to Hell.—But there she walks:
 O happy Opportunity! and with her comes
 My Friend *Hurtado's* Wife. For once, good Manners,
 I will trespass on you, and behind these Trees
 Conceal my self; I may discover more. [Exit Mosq.]

S C E N E V.

The Scene continues.

Enter Miranda and Isabella.

Mira. We, while the Governor is giving Orders
 To his Men, my *Isabella*, may take
 A cooling Walk in this refreshing Grove.

Isa. No fear of Danger here so near the Fort.

Mira. But now you talk of Fear,
 My Sister, and my better Half, it minds me well
 Of what I lately saw, since we return'd
 From bartering with the *Indians*.—
 The good *Mosquera*, like a gliding Ghost,
 Pass'd by me with dejected Looks;
 Whose Face had on it stamp'd the Characters of Fear.
 I would have spoke; but he was gone more swift
 Than feather'd Arrows fly from *Indian* Bows.
 Indeed I fear, and much, some dismal Consequence.

Mosq. Well may I fear to lose so great a Blessing. [Aside.]

Isa. May Heaven defend him from all Harm:
 For, dear *Miranda*, I must own what has
 Till now been long conceal'd, tho' with regret,
 From you, my dearest Sister. On Terms of Honour
 I have engag'd my Heart, and share his Sorrows.

Mosq. I can forbear no longer: [Aside.]

Let

Let my Joy flow like a rushing Tide.
 Bless'd *Isabella*! to a new Life you have reviv'd [Discovers himself.
 A Wretch abandon'd to Despair. O let me kneel,
 And thus adore your Goodness. [Kisses her Hand.

Now I rise a new created Being,
 Made yours, and only, wholly yours for ever.

Isa. Unkind *Mosquera*, whence came this Despair?
 Think you, I had forgot my former Vows?
 Go, I must chide your Rashness: I should blush
 To be thus caught, had not a Date of Years
 Made Love become a Custom now.

Mira. May Heaven bless your Choice, and future Years
 Crown both your Heads with Happiness.

Mosq. I own my Faults; but who can be too nice,
 That loves not at a common rate, like me?
 You heard *Hurtado's* Words, they rent my Heart:
 Honour and Wealth are both such powerful things.

Isa. But have not Power to break a plighted Faith.
 No, first shall Mountains skip like tender Lambs,
 And Lions to the nimble Fawns give Milk;
 The Birds forget their Wings, the Fish their Finns:
 All Nature shall inverted stand; but my firm Vows
 Shall still remain unshaken.

Mosq. And when that I prove false, or causeless Fears
 Disturb my rolling Thoughts, may I be curs'd,
 And banish'd from your Breast, the only Doom
 Can rend my breaking Heart: But now let Joy
 Exalt harmonious Notes how bless'd we are.
 Unconstant Thoughts belong not to the Fair.

[Exeunt Omnes.

The End of the First Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Scene opens, and discovers a Room of State in the Timbusian Court. Mangora seated on a Throne; Seats empty for the Spaniards on his Right, and Left Hand. Illogen and Siripus, seated on his Right, the other on his Left Side towards his Feet. Malivag at his Feet. Indian Guards.

Enter Nuno, Hurtado, Mosquera, Miranda, and Isabella with Spanish Guards, who fill each side of the Stage from the Indians to the Front.

Mangora, and the Indians, rise and meet the Spaniards.

Mang. We give you Welcome Friends to our Timbusian Court, Which now may boast its Genius satisfied, To have receiv'd such Noble Guests.

Nun. Your Part, great Prince, was to Command, and ours Obey.

[Mangora leads the Ladies towards the Throne, places Miranda on the Right Side, Isabella on the Left, ascends it, and signs to the Spaniards, who take their Places on each side next the Ladies. They all sit.]

[Malivag waves his Wand, and a glorious Machine descends, with the Musicians richly habited, who perform a very fine new Consort.]

[The Machine ascends, then enter an Indian Man and Woman, who sing the following Dialogue.]

M A N.

Black Beauty, come on,
I must love thee or none;
When the Blood boils we may,
Then no longer delay:

My Flames I can't hide,
Which must not, which must not, which must not be longer denied.

W O M A N.

Deceitful you are,
And I must have a care,
When the Swain do's grow cool,
And will look like a Fool;
Oh! Then we may lie,

And for want, and for want, and for want of your Company die.

M A N.

M A N.

No, no you mistake,
 I've a Heart that will break;
 But it never will change,
 Or once offer to range:
 Then, Nymph, ease my Pain,
 Don't kill me, don't kill me, don't kill me with cruel Disdain.

W O M A N.

I'll not trust your Word,
 'Twill no Comfort afford;
 You do love all our Sex
 For to plague, and to vex:
 With a careless Air
 You leave us, you leave us, you leave us to horrid Despair.

M A N.

You see my Face black,
 And it has not the Knack
 To be chang'd with a Blush,
 When we kiss at a Push:
 My Mind will still be
 Most constant, most constant, most constant for ever to thee.

W O M A N.

And can you be just,
 If I ever should trust?
 For my Breast do's incline,
 That I make myself thine;
 Then take me alone
 For ever, for ever, for ever most truly your own. [Exeunt embracing.]

A new Indian Dance.

Malivag waves his Wand after the Dance, and Fame rises with
 Wings on a Pedestal in a loose Garment full of Eyes and Ears, with
 a Trumpet in each Hand.

Fame sings,

Loud Fame sound to the farthest Land, Ecc. The farthest Land.
 That Great Mangora do's command, Ecc. Mangora do's com-
 mand.

An Eccho replies above
at a Distance.

And

And let his Subjects with one Voice,	Ecc. <i>With one Voice,</i>
And all the World besides rejoyce :	Ecc. <i>Besides rejoyce :</i>
The Gods to us such Mercy show,	Ecc. <i>Such Mercy show,</i>
To Grant a King so good below,	Ecc. <i>So good below,</i>
That to all Nations Men may boast,	Ecc. <i>Men may boast,</i>
Such Happiness they have not lost :	Ecc. <i>They have not lost.</i>
The rolling Year restor'd again,	Ecc. <i>Restor'd again,</i>
And eas'd his Subjects from the Pain.	Ecc. <i>From the Pain.</i>
Unto his Life ye Gods add many Days,	Ecc. <i>Add many Days,</i>
That we may Yearly join to sing his Praise.	Ecc. <i>To sing his Praise.</i>
	<i>[Fame descends.]</i>

Another Indian Dance.

Mang. 'Tis well perform'd, my *Malivag*,
Your Incantations give us much Diversion. *[To Malivag, who bows very low.]*

They all rise, and come to the Front of the Stage.

The Eyes, and Ears, our worthy Guests have had
Some Entertainment : But these Ladies sure *[To the Spaniards.]*
Would challenge us with just Reproach,
Should we here put an end to our Reception.
In the next Room a small Collation waits,
And do's invite your Presence there.

Nun. File off, and keep a Guard without the Palace Gate.

[Aside to the Spanish Soldiers. Exeunt.]

Mangora leads out Miranda, all following.

SCENE II

The Scene Continues.

Enter Father Jaques.

F. Jaq. Why——by *St. Anthony* I have been again to blame
——dropping my Beads has kept me hence so long——I have lost
most edifying Musick——But I hope, I am come time enough for
the eating Part——I shall delay no longer——I find time is pre-
cious. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.

The Scene Continues.

Enter Siripus, Nuno, Hurtado, and Mosquera.

Sirip. My Brother, to finish this Day's Solemnity,
To the Woods is gone to Hunt wild Beasts,

And

And left me here to entertain you, Governor.

Nun. I saw no Dogs, nor Huntsmen for the Chase.

Sirip. With Troops of Men they compass round the Wood,
And Shouting, drive the frightened Beasts along,
'Till in the midst they find them in a Herd,
Then each Man fits his Arrow to his Bow,
Lets fly to kill the Beast is next his Aim.

Hurt. So may the Lion, or the nimble Pard,
Inrag'd with Wounds break thro' the foremost Ranks,
And scatter Slaughter through the Hunting Crowd.

Sirip. They often do, and happy are our Men,
Who give up Life within their Princes fight.
The Ladies we have left to view the Grotts,
And take the Air within the Garden Walks.
If you think fit — This Way, few Paces hence,
Our Armory with various Weapons stor'd,
May with new Objects give a fresh Diversion.

Nun. We can't desire more, good *Siripus*,
Your Entertainment answers to our Wishes.

Sirip. That Door leads to the Place —
I follow you.

[*Exeunt Nuno, Hurtado, and Mosquera.*

Siripus shuts the Door, bolts and bars it.

So, now my Train has took —

Dull Animals, these white Heads have no Brains :
By this time too their Women safe are stow'd ;
I must go revel in that Fair One's Arms.

[*Exit Siripus.*

SCENE IV.

The Scene Continues.

Malivag, with Indians, hurrying along Miranda and Isabella.

Mira. Oh ! help, help, help : Kind Heaven help ;

Hurtado help, and free us from these People.

Isa. Whither do you drag us, you black Imps of Hell ?

Mali. We must have better Names before we tell you.

Mira. Oh ! you shall be,

Tho' black as Night, as fair as Angels to us :

Conduct us safe but to the Fort, and we

Will give you what Reward you'll ask.

Mali. Yes, I'll conduct you, where you shall be pleas'd.

Isa.

Isa. Good gentle Black, I'll give you all good Names :
I know you mean no Harm ; then pray with speed
But ease us of our Fear, and bring us to our Friends.

Mali. I shall——to such a Friend you know not of. [*Aside.*
Come patiently along.

Isa. Help, help, *Misquera!* *Nuno*, help!——

Mali. Then force them out.

Mira. Oh ! we're betray'd to Ruin. [*The Indians bear them out by Force.*

SCENE V.

The Scene opens to an Antichamber. Miranda and Isabella walking in disorder.

Mira. Our Jaylors brought us here, and lock'd the Door.
Heaven only knows what Fate's reserv'd for us.

Isa. We have this Comfort left, our Men
Will beat the Palace down, and level it
With the wide Plain, but they will set us free.

Mira. Or if we're doom'd for Death, we shall not fall
As Victims unreveng'd.

Siripus unlocks the Door, and enters.

Sirip. You seem, fair Beauty, very much disorder'd,
And knit your Brows, as if revengeful Thoughts
Of sure Disdain were restless in your Mind. [*To Miranda.*

Mira. You are, my Lord,
If I mistake not, Brother to the *Indian* King,
To whom, as next himself, we have Complaints. [*Weeps.*

Isa. While in the pleasing Shades of Oranges
We breath'd perfumed Air, not dreading aught,
Or conscious of a Danger coming on ;
Forth rush'd some Hellish Fiends from out the Shades,
(For such they seem'd, black as infernal Night)
And bore us by their Strength imprison'd to this Place.

Sirip. They were to blame, if something of great Force
Did not compel the Usage.

Isa. We are fallen in the Snare, and this the Devil laid it. [*Aside.*

Sirip. Almighty Love shall, Fair One, wipe away
Those Pearly Tears, which add new Ornaments,
Had they not been the Embassadors of Sorrow. [*To Miranda.*

Mira.

Mira. Oh! I will speak to stop his farther Words. *[Aside.]*
 Love is a Friend, and cannot do an Ill;
 Then for Love, Friendship, Goodness, let us be
 By safe Conveyance carried to the Fort.

Sirip. Perhaps you may; but there is something to be done
 Requires your Presence here.
 Think you, tho' black, I am not Flesh and Blood?
 And where that is, and so much Beauty near
 It, Love and Admiration must command.

Isa. Can you pretend to love, and keep us Pris'ners here?

Sirip. 'Tis not to you, but to this brighter Nymph,
 Who grasps my Soul in Love's eternal Bonds,
 To whom I must direct the Ardor of my Soul.
 Lady behold, kneeling before your Feet, *[Siripus kneels.]*
 The Brother of a King, who never knew before
 What 'twas to kneel to any: Still my Commands
 Were follow'd with Obedience. But an Awe,
 And such a Pow'r unknown your Charms dart forth,
 That I must sink beneath the fatal Influence.

Mira. Great Sir, you must not kneel, nor must I hear
 Such Words from you, from any: All my Faith
 Has been long since betroth'd unto the Man,
 Whom I am bound to love for all my Days.

Sirip. Perhaps my Visage black your Fairness does disdain;
 But I have Wealth, and Kingdoms can command.
 What tho' my Brother rules o'er all this Land;
 'Tis but a Nod, and all is mine, and yours,
 If you are mine.

Isa. Devil tempt on, 'twill show the Pow'r of Virtue. *[Aside.]*

Sirip. Would you in Jewels brighter than the Sun
 Blaze out, and strike, as with your Beauty, blind?
 Would you in Ropes of Pearl bind all Mankind?
 None can adorn you better than my self. *[Miranda turns away.]*
 Nay, turn not, Beauty, from me: Freedom comes
 No other way, but by returning Love.

Mira. Then know, Barbarian, that I scorn your Love:
 By Virtue arm'd, no Danger can I fear;
 And soon can find an Instrument of Death
 To free me from your Pow'r. Stopping my Breath

Soon rids me from a Tyrant's Force, if all Things else should fail.

Isa. But know, thou Monster, and expect it soon,
Your Palace Roof will tumble o'er your Head.
Be sure our Friends will bring their Cannon down,
And shatter this and all of you to pieces.

Sirip. Well boasted, Woman, we shall try their Force;
And when some Time has cool'd your hasty Rage,
I'll visit you again. *[Exit Siripus locking the Door.]*

Mira. Heaven deliver us from this Monster Indian.

Isa. I fear not, but our Friends will free us hence.

SCENE VI

The Scene flouts, and discovers the Outside of the Palace, with the Gates flout, and the Walls mann'd with Indians. Enter Nuno, Hurtado, and Mosquera, with Spanish Soldiers.

Nun. Haste, haste, *Mosquera*, bring the Cannon down,
And draw more Forces from the Fort.

Mosq. We'll lay this Palace level with the Ground. *[Exit Mosq.]*

Hurt. Let us rush on, set fire to the Gates,
And force our Way into this fatal Place:
We know not what a Minute may produce;
Even now my dear *Miranda*, by their Violence,
May suffer dire Barbarities.

Nun. And *Isabella*, for whose sake I feel
Distraction in my Mind—Death and Confusion!
Should the Villains dare—But nothing can be safe
In brutal Hands. Let's on, we stay too long.

Enter Mangora with Indians, as from Hunting.

Hurt. First let us seize the Indian King, and keep
Him for a Pledge of Safety to our Women.

The Spaniards draw up on one Side of the Stage, and present their Fire Arms. Mangora with the Indians draw up on the other Side, as ready to engage. Mangora comes forward.

Mang. Hold you, our Subjects; stay your Hands, our Friends.
What means this Violence offer'd to us,
Who much regard you all? First let us know;
If we aught have err'd from kind Respect,
Or any of our Subjects done you Wrong;

If any have, by all our Gods we swear,
They had better eaten Fire, or in the frozen North
Been all immur'd in Heaps of Snow, or died
Shudd'ring on piercing Beds of freezing Ice.

Nun. Can you pretend an Ignorance, *Mangora*?
And basely by a lying Fraud detain
Our Women? Is this unknown to you,
And in your Palace done?

Hur. Miranda, dearest Partner of my Life!
O give her speedy to my longing Arms,
Or I will drench my Weapon in thy sooty Breast,
And let out the rank Blood, which flows so high.

Nun. Your Brother *Siripus*, basest of Men,
By treach'rous Arts deluded us without
The Palace Gate, under pretence of shewing Arms:
He led the way, but suddenly stept back,
And bar'd the Gates, and shut our Women in.

Mang. These Wrongs are great, and by our Head we swear;
You shall have Justice, and severely done.
Those on the Walls, haste to our Brother *Siripus*;
Let him with Tears implore the Ladies Pardon,
And safe convey them in a moment here.
Not that we fear your Arms; for near this Place
Are many thousands at a Signal ready
To guard our Person, and our Throne;
But to declare our Innocence to you,
To all our People, that this Act was done
Unknown to us, and what we most abhor:
Throw wide the Gates, we give up to your Pow'r
Our self, and all, to take your full Revenge.
*The Gates are thrown open, Miranda and Isabella come forth, all the
Indians bowing low.*

Mira. And have I once again my Dear within my Arms? [*Embracing*

Nun. Dear *Isabella*, *cing Hurtado.*
How blest'd am I to see you safe return'd?

Isa. Unhurt by any thing but Fear.

Hurt. Blest Hour, when Heaven defends such Innocence.

Nun. You, Great *Mangora*, have such Honour shown,
Our hasty Rashness wants your Pardon too:

But how could Men enrag'd with Loss, do less?
 With such a Loss, all our remaining Days
 Could not repair.

But mighty Prince, to you we must give Praise,
 Who add new Life to all our future Days. [Exeunt Spaniards
 and Indians severally.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Scene, an Antichamber in the Timbusian Palace.

Enter Mangora, and Siripus meeting.

Mang. Thou Monster of Ingratitude!
 Thy very Looks, like Hell, make our long Hair
 Stand staring on our Head like the wild bristled Boar's:
 Thy Eyes like Lightning blast us as we walk,
 And thy foul Deeds destroy our best of Hopes.
 Hence, from our Sight, ill boding Raven fly,
 Lest our swift Vengeance light upon thy Head,
 And make us do a Deed, which we shall curse;
 To spill our Blood, that runs within thy Veins,
 And cut off Nature with revengeful Steel;
 Forgetting, that thou art our Father's Son.

Sirip. I can retire, and leave you to your Rage;
 But not for fear of your rash hasty Words,
 Or threatn'd Deeds, I own, I am your Brother,
 And born as far from Fear as you are:
 When you can better know yourself, perhaps
 I may be then with Satisfaction heard. [Going.

Mang. Can ought that's Comfort flow from one so foul?
 But stay, we know, thy fullen Nature such,
 Death and Destruction swell thy hardn'd Breast,
 And almost burst thy swelling panting Heart.
 Stay, we command you, 'tis your King that speaks.

Sirip. My King——'Tis true, a Year did pass its round,
 Unwilling Nature kept me from the World
 So long after she gave you Birth; and Law,

Or

Or rigid Custom rais'd your feeble State
Above my riper Hopes: But know, *Mangora*,
My Soul's of nobler Atoms made, though form'd the last,
Whilst yours shuffled in haste, took any Form was giv'n.

Mang. Our Guards, this Insolence we will not bear.

Sirip. Call not for Guards, here's none so near your Aid,
Nor shall you pass this Place but through my Life:
Lay by your Rage, for Passion argues ill,
And you shall hear, this Monster of Ingratitude
Has much incens'd you by mistaken Zeal.

Mang. Have you not blasted all our Hopes?
Have you not rais'd Distrust, and Doubts? And made
The only People we admire, avoid
Our Court, and, cautious, fly our broken Faith,
That Pledge of Honour basely forfeited.
Whilst we, like one Despair has wholly seiz'd,
Am banish'd from the Joys our Thoughts had fram'd.
Can the fair White, that has enslav'd our Soul,
Without a Horror once behold us more?
Or will the bright *Miranda's* conquering Beams,
That dart Auspicious Influence
Wheree'er they spread, once bless our Palace more?

Sirip. You should have kept her, when within your Pow'r,
And not have stopt at idle Forms of Love;
But as the Lord Superior of the Sex,
Seiz'd where you lik'd the panting beauteous Prey.

Mang. Love sure by Violence was never gain'd,
'Tis a soft Passion curls about the Heart,
Inviting all the gentle Tenderness:
By mild Intreaty we would gain this Fair One,
Who, now we fear, by your rough Usage arm'd,
Will ever scorn us, and abhor our Sight.

Sirip. Did you not name your burning Passion to me,
And give it various Accents with such Ardour,
It seem'd your Life lay panting at the Thought,
And would expire without a speedy Aid?

Mang. O *Siripus*! you have touch'd the fatal String,
That echo's to our Heart Joy, or Destruction:
I burn, I bleed, hope, fear, and then despair,

By

By various Tortures languishing I live,
Nor cur'd, nor kill'd, now tortur'd, now repriev'd;
My Soul still ruffled by tempestuous Love
In Agonies of never ceasing Pain.

Sirip. Give Truce to Thought, and hear what I would say:
Seeing you wrack'd by the rough Storm of Love,
As you are pleas'd to call it, a Brother's Care
Took part in your Distress: The time allow'd
An easy Remedy; beyond your Wish,
The beauteous White was then within your reach,
And in your Palace lay at your Command:
Have I done wrong to steer you to the Port,
Where if you would, you might have reapt your Joy:
But like a wilful, headstrong, careless Sailor,
You have launch'd again to the Mercy of the Billows;
If you sink now, 'tis want of Manly Conduct
O'erwhelms you in the Sea of feeble Love.
I would have took her to my glowing Breast,
And quench'd those Flames consum'd the Springs of Life.

Mang. O dire Mistake! What Foe to Love did guide you?
Have we not ever held you dearer to our Soul,
Than all Mankind, this Kingdom e'er contain'd,
Made you the Partner of our Crown, and State?
What Knee with Reverence ever bow'd to us,
That did not bend with the same Awe to you?
But more than this, the Treasure of our Thoughts
Were all laid up within your treach'rous Breast,
Which by wrong Measures has undone a Wretch
Abandon'd to Despair: But give me Hope,
And take me to your Bosom ever firm.

Sirip. Some Hopes there are; you parted with those People
On Friendly Terms, though such dull Ways
Are opposite unto my Manly Thoughts,
And I advise to conquer Force by Force.

Mang. Our Wills in different Spheres are mov'd by Fate;
You are for Force, and I for Mildness made:
As yet no Glance of Comfort do's appear,
What then remains, but I consult our Gods?
It shall be so, I'll haste to *Mallong*,

He shall call all those Powers to our Aid:
 If in the Eternal Rolls it is decreed,
 I'm not the first of Monarch's that for Love did bleed.

[Exit Mangora.]

Sirip. To *Malirvag*. But hold, I know him safe;
 The rest I will secure, by sudden Death,
 From telling Tales: Then I stand fair;
 Nor can my Brother once suspect my Love.
 Mean while, I'll work him to what Form is fit,
 To carry on my own Designs. Love, no,
 It is a Monster, raging in my Breast,
 Made up of Fury and Tempestuous Flames.
 Since last denied, it blazes in my Blood;
 Blood then, if Beauty can't, shall quench the Fire.
 But I will try all Ways, and Arts once more,
 To get this Female Serpent in my Pow'r.
 Work on my Head, there's something moving here,
 That scorns to doubt, and loaths a feeble Fear.

Enter Hogen.

Ilog. Base Man, have I with faithful Joys receiv'd
 The subtle Tender of dissembl'd Love?
 Whilst to a Female of a Foreign Land,
 Who came we know not whence, you pay
 A Tribute only due to me, your Wife.

Sirip. My Wife! How dull is that? She clogs my Way,
 And lays a heavy Weight to stop my Pleasure.
 'Tis true, I lik'd her once; but the same Rode
 Is tiresome to the constant Traveller:
 New Objects raise new Heats, invigorate
 The Fancy cloy'd, and give new Life to Passion: [Aside.
 Well, I have heard you sing your Wife-like Notes,
 But you must Tune them to another Key. [To her..

Ilog. Can I be silent, and receive such Wrongs?
 No, I will tare her Heart Strings from her Breast,
 And mangle that white Form, which you admire,
 If once again I have her in my Pow'r,
 That she shall move your Loathing more than Love.

Sirip. Hau! No more of that, be Dumb, or else by Hell—

Ilog.

Ilog. You told me once how much my Jetty Black,
My plump smooth Lips, and my full rolling Eyes,
Had made you languish to enjoy my Person:
And then, O Heavens! With what an eager Flame
You took me, spotless in your Nuptial Arms.
But now, like Winds, your wav'ring Faith is chang'd.

Sirip. I say, be Dumb, cease your Wives fulsome Story,
And hear me what I say: By yonder Sun,
Which guilds the Western Firmament,
I Swear, if ought of this I hear again,
The Fiends in Hell shall feel a milder Rage:
But if Propitious to my Thoughts you stand,
You still shall be my Faithful *Ilogen*,
And share whatever Joy my State shall bear.
To this your Resolution, and have done.

Ilog. I know his Temper rough, and Bloody form'd,
I must obey, Necessity compells,
Nor is it much against our Country's Form.

Sirip. What's that you mutter, and grind between your Teeth
To keep it from the Air? Speak suddenly,
Or else from hence be ever Dumb.

Ilog. I must obey what you Command.

Sirip. 'Tis well, no Words of what has past
Unto my Brother; nor do you mention aught
Of that same White to any Friend of yours,
With whispering Caution to divulge no farther,
'Till all the Town's in uproar with the News,
A Custom known too near allied your Sex.

I say, let this lie buried in your Thought,
And you shall never want my better Wishes.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.

The Scene the Fort, Enter above as on the Battlements Miranda and Isabella.

Mira. Confin'd by Fear, this Walk's our utmost Bounds,
Nor dare we venture forth to take the Air,
Unless strong guarded, doubting a Surprise.

Isab. We late escap't a Danger gives us Caution,
When those black Devils had us in their Pow'r.

Enter

Enter Francisca.

Franc. The *Indians*, Madam, loaded with mighty Wealth,
Sent by their King to atone his late past Crime,
At your Apartment offer'd up their Treasure,
With Vows of lasting Homage.

Mira. It was for that we left our Native Soil,
And run the hazards of a boistrous Sea;
For who would venture to an unknown Land,
Were there not certain Hopes of pow'rful Gain.

Enter Nuno.

Nun. I doubt not but the News has reach't your Ear;
You are the Lady that Commands this Land;
The great *Mangora* throws him at your Feet,
And seeks to beg his Pardon with Excess
Of glorious Presents made, which all must own
Most justly are your due.

Mira. My Merits, Governor, are but of small account.
If I can make addition to your safety
By any Act of mine, I have my wish.

Nun. 'Tis true, we are but in precarious Hands,
And may by odds of Number be oppress'd;
Nor have we to escape, 'till great *Garvoi's* return,
So that we ought in Policy to bear
These *Indians* fairest Show, and by that means,
We glean away their Wealth.

Mira. Come, Sister, shall we see the *Indian* Presents?

Nun. I must intreat a Minute with this Lady.

Mira. Your Time, Sir, and my Sisters, are your own.

[Exeunt Miranda and Francisca.]

Isab. What means this sudden interruption?

[Aside.]

Nun. I've known, fair *Isabel*, from tender Years,
Your Vertuous Education, which joyn'd
With so much Beauty, firmly fix'd
A growing Flame, that seem'd at first Respect;
But now too sure, I feel the Fiery Dart
Has pierc'd my Soul, it struggles with the Pain,
But never can be free without your tender Love.

Isab. That Silence may not seem to give consent,
Unwillingly I must disclose my Mind.

E

Nun.

Nun. Blast not my Being, fairest of your Sex,
But with a kindly Warmth of faithful Love,
Fix'd sure on Honour's firm Foundation,
Revive my drooping Hopes: I seek no Love,
But what Conjugal Rites perform'd, require,
Where first the Priest in Holy Bands shall bind.

Isab. I cannot now make tender of my Heart;
For Vows long since have bound my future State.
That you, Sir, merit much, all must allow;
But Vows are past, none can again recall.

Nun. What sort they are, whether of Virgin Life,
Or to some other's Arms you are devote,
Remains in doubt —

Enter Siripus below, attended with Indians.

Sirip. Hoo! To the Walls, call all your Leaders there,
And let the Ladies see just Vengeance done.

Nun. Within, Ring out the Bell, and stand upon your Guard.
*The Bell rings. Enter above, Hurtado, Mosquera, Miranda,
Francisca, and Soldiers.*

What, *Siripus*, have you new Games to play?
Fresh Cheats will be in vain, we know you well.

Sirip. You think me much to blame, perhaps the Ladies too:
But, if you knew my Heart, how firmly yours,
There could be than no show of future doubt;
To witness which, behold a Mournful Scene
Of the severest Justice done.

*The Scene opens, and discovers the Wood, with several Indians on a
row impaled, and guarded with the Natives.*

See there, those Villains offer'd Violence,
Impal'd, and suffering Death to atone their Crimes;
What can we more? My Brother at your Feet
Will lay his Crown; and I, you may be sure,
Will always be in strictest Bonds your Friend,
As I have prov'd, to have this Execution done:
What I in Raillery unto the Ladies said,
I here beg pardon for, and offer up
My Arms, and future Being for their Safety.

Nun. A horrid Sight, and full of dismal Terrours.

Hurt. Poor Wretches, I with pity see their Pains.

Nun.

Nun. This is a Cruelty not known to Christian Lands;
And thus for little Crimes they serve their People,
Obedient to a Madness —

[*Aside.*

If these deserv'd it, Powerful *Siripus*,
They have but what's their due; and I could wish
All faithless Villains had the same Reward;
We all allow a Satisfaction made,
And shall continue great *Mangora's* Friends;
You too, good *Siripus*, we thank for so much Care,
And shall be glad to see you in our Fort.

Sirip. When Time permits, you'll find me a bold Guest.
Till then, farewell.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

SCENE. III.

The Scene shuts upon the impaled Indians, and Represents an Indian Place of Worship, with Images, and an Altar. Enter, as from a Cave, Malivag with Indian Priests. Enter to them, Mangora with Indian Guards.

Mang. From your Pawawing Art we come to know,
What Fate attends a wretched Lover's Cares.

Mali. Great Prince, before that Altar take your Place;
By Characters, and binding Charms secur'd
From Swarthy Dæmons, that my Art must raise;
Begin the Incantation, loudly howl,
And with strange Noises force the Spirit up.

[*To the Priests.*

The Priests Sing, and Move, or Dance in Antick
Postures.

Upon this Floor let us advance,
In Mystick Characters, a Dance,
Which shall in Figures trace the Ground,
While Notes of Musick loudly sound;
And raise the Infernal Spirit from below,
To tell our Prince what Secrets he would know.

Once more let's Foot it round again,
In hopes 'twill ease our Monarch's Pain;

*And when we've done, fell Noises make,
That may the settled Center shake,
And raise the Infernal Spirit from below,
To tell our Prince what Secrets he would know.*

Sung by a Priest alone.

*Arise, Arise,
Like Light'ning dart before our Eyes,
And from below
Let fearful trembling Monarchs know,
On Beds of Fate
You sit, and rule the World in State.
Ascend, Ascend:
Let seeking Mortals know their End.
Grim Fate and Time
Have long fate brooding in your Clime,
And Joys or Woes
Bring forth like wretched Mortals Foes;
But from above,
If you have e'er a Glimpse of Love,
The Fate forebode
Of our Great Monarch here below:
Haste, come away,
We must not, cannot longer stay.*

A hideous Noise of Yells and Shrieks, with rattling of Chains and Stones, and jarring of untun'd Instruments, is heard in the Cave; then a sudden Pause, and after a loud Exclamation and Clattering; then a profound Silence.

Malivag waves his Wand three times, then speaks.

*Mali. Arise from thy dark Shades of gloomy Night,
And, tho' unwilling, pierce the Beams of Light.*

A Spirit rises at the Mouth of the Cave.

Great Sovereign, now your dread Command's obey'd.

*Mang. Thou airy Form, that with a Horror fills
My shudd'ring Soul, speak, I conjure you, speak;
Searching the Seeds of Time, discover all,
Or Joy or Grief, that must attend my Fate.*

*Tho' Nature burst, and rend the shatter'd World,
Or the pale Moon from its known Axis slide,*

Or

Or the bright Sun its fiery Globe dissolve,
 And all return to universal Chaos ;
 Tho' all these Mischiefs shock great Nature's Laws,
 Reveal the destin'd Course of mortal Love :
 Shall fair *Miranda*, like the Morning Star,
 Bless me with Beams of kindest Influence ?
 Or must my frozen Hopes congeal Despair ?
 Hide not the Secret ; I command you, Speak.

Spir. I see in yonder Cloud *Miranda* mount above,
 Beating the Air with strongest Wings of Love :
 The Monarch throws his Cares beneath her Feet,
 While she new Blessings hourly does repeat.
 Seeking to gain too much, all may be lost :
 Fortune by various Turns of Chance is cross.

Mangora. Shall the bright Nymph ease all my tort'ring Cares,
 And hourly Blessings on my Head repeat ?
 I ne'er will seek too much, or lose by Chance ;
 Fortune shall guide me in the Ways of Bliss. [*Exeunt Mangora and*
Enter Father Jaques peeping. Indian Guards.

F. Jaq. What have we here ? Devotion in the Devil's Name—
 I'll cross my self and enter. Had I but Holy Water, I would
 drive these Devils to their proper Place : However I will exorcise
 them as I am—Thou wicked Spirit, I conjure thee by *St. Anthony*,
 and by the holy Relicks hung about my Neck, that thou
 forsake this Place, and never more delude these innocent People.

Spir. Thou Lump of Sin, that art much worse than I,
 Were I not circumscrib'd by Magick Fetters,
 I soon would dash thy Soul from thy foul Body ;
 But know, thy Crimes shall now be all laid open.
 With Impudence beyond Man's Thought you oppose
 Your Kings, and contradict their Wills, if all
 Their Heaps of Wealth be not pour'd into your Covents,
 Or be not bloody-minded to destroy
 Whom your fierce Rage would root out from the Land.
 Under pretence of Zeal, you stir up Rebels,
 Or else by Poison send them down to us
 With unprepared Souls ; so murder both
 The Soul and Body : And 'tis Religion
 Smooths your black Designs. Have you forgot

The many Bastards murder'd in your Jakes,
 Begot on holy Nuns, for which Confession
 Was made a holy Chear, as well to know
 The secret Counsels of all Princes Courts,
 And as you found their Inclinations,
 So prompted them to Vice, most holy Fathers.
 Have you forgot, before you came from *Spain*,
 The Vintner's Daughter?

F. Jaq. Thon lying Spirit, cease thy railing Accusation.

Spir. No, 'tis all Truth: Pretending to convert,
 You visited that poor deluded Wretch,
 And on her got a sprightly Babe of Grace.
 Have you forgot *Francisca* in the Ship,
 Rolling so many Nights within your Arms?
 And when you landed here, to change your Fare,
 One of the Natives must your Use supply:
 Black *Daan*, tho' as dark as gloomy Night,
 Could not escape your fulsome foul Embrace.
 I have much more to say; but now my Time's expir'd.

A loud Clap of Thunder, the Spirit sinks with a Flash.

F. Jaq. 'Tis well: I knew at last my Relicks would confound
 the Devil.

Mali. How dare you enter here, our holy Rites prophane?

F. Jaq. Why Man, I love all Religions, but the Northern
 Heresy.

Those Hereticks discover all our Practices,
 And I would send them post down to your Devils.

*The Priests and other Indians encompass Father Jaques, pull off
 his Habit, discovering a very ridiculous Dress, and put a Fool's
 Cap with Asses Ears and Bells on his Head.*

F. Jaq. You will not murder a good old Man?
*They dance round him, and prick him with their Arrows; he roars,
 breaks from them, and runs out.* [Exeunt Omnes]

The End of the Third Act.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The Scene the Wood.**Enter Miranda and Isabella.*

Mira. **T**HE gentle Breeze purls thro' the tender Leaves,
And brings Perfumes from various Blossoms blown.

Isa. The cheerful Birds this Evening tune their Notes,
And in harmonious Confort strike the Ear:
A universal Spring this Land adorns.

The lusty Trees ne'er shed their pleasing Green,
With loaded Branches bear or Fruit or Flowers.

Mira. Besides, the Birds, in different Dyes array'd,
All do conspire to gratify each Sense,
As if this were the Seat of Paradise.

Isa. From which Mankind being banish'd for their Sin,
'Twas left to a black Brood of Earthly Devils.

Mira. From whom may powerful Heaven deliver me.
The very Thoughts make my swift Blood run back,
And shiv'ring seizes all my tender Body.

O Isabel, before we knew this Place,
Our native Country, to be wish'd of all,
Joy'd to receive us, free from the dire Affrights
Of barbarous Usage. There no savage Brutes
In humane Shapes attack'd our gentle Walks.

Isa. Nor did we fear a Force from any Hand,
Protected by our Friends, secur'd by Laws.

Mira. And these have nothing but their Will their Law.
'Tis true here seem much Riches to be had;
But weigh the Purchase, and the Hazard found,
And who can well be thought a Gainer?

Isa. What Wealth can make a suitable Return
To us for a perpetual Banishment,
Far from Relations? And small Hopes remain,
That we shall ever see them more.

Mira. Depriv'd of Father's Blessing, and the Care
Of a fond Mother's soft indulging Love:

And

And our Reward for all this Loss is Earth:
Earth we do seek, being covetous of Dirt;
I fear too soon we shall have all our Fill.

Enter Mangora.

Isa. See, the *Indian King*! We need not fear,
Our Guards are near us now.

Mang. If I too boldly interrupt your Walks,
I hope Submission may receive a Pardon:
Unequall'd Nymphs, sent for to bless my Reign;
For ne'er before this Country knew such Angels.

Mira. You praise so high, what has such low Desert,
That were it not from Great *Mangora's* Mouth,
'Twould be a tedious Flattery to our Ears.

Mang. I speak the very Accents of my Soul,
Nor know what 'tis to use dissembling Arts.
Let the base common Herd, who live by Wiles,
Use such poor groveling Skill to make their Gain:
Our exalted Mind contains a nobler Fire,
Born for to reign, inspired by you to love,
And come to throw a Crown before your Feet.

Mira. You may be pleas'd to amuse your self with Talk,
And Love affords a very pleasant Theme;
'Tis Gallantry esteem'd amongst the Men.

Isa. I've heard, in *Britain* 'tis the chief Address,
Where Beaus and Ladies often meet in publick:
The lisping Beau, unless he talks of Love,
Is soon dumb-founder'd on another Subject.

Mang. But I for a whole Age of Life could talk,
And find too little Time to ease my Passion.
Since first that conquering beauteous Form I view'd,
My bleeding Heart receiv'd the pleasing Wound,
Which has, with Extasies of Fear and Hope,
In a perpetual Round of Care confin'd me.

Mira. Princes have great Affairs of mighty weight,
Which lie a Burden oft upon their Minds,
And scare poor gentle Love from his Abode
To homely Cottages 'mongst Shepherd Swains,
Where he in Peace enjoys his happy Reign,
But seldom finds a safe Retreat in Courts.

Isa.

Isa. The wanton Shepherds, while they tend their Flocks,
With their coy Lasses on the pleasant Downs,
Divert their Time with Love, and Rural Chat;
And well it do's become poor simple Swains;
But Kings are plac'd above so low a Passion.

Mang. Are not the King and Shepherd Flesh and Blood?
And near of kin in their Profession too?
One guards his People, t'other Flocks defends;
So that both Shepherds properly are call'd;
But be they what they will, none can be Proof,
When so much Beauty darts its powerful Rays.

Mira. Beauty is but a small Pretence, nor can
It any where exist, but in the Roving Mind;
Begot by Fancy, nourish'd by wild Thoughts;
And what one likes, to another homely seems.

Mang. But all, that see your Beauty, must admire,
And Admiration first produces Love.
Too sure I found it, when my hasty Sight
Depriv'd my Life of all succeeding Joys.

Isa. We often covet what we can't obtain,
And make ourselves unhappy by the Choices
Like little Children, greedy of the Flame,
Think it diverts their Play, 'till the fierce Smart
Too late informs them, they mistake the Toy.

Mang. I own, I'm covetous to an Excess,
But of a Blessing may be safe obtain'd:
Miranda's Goodness claims an *Indian* Throne,
Which, with ourself, an humble Offering
Is here presented at the Fair One's Feet.

Exalted Beauty, see a King before you, [To *Miranda*.
By Extasies of Love become your Slave,
And honourable Terms of Love requires:
To be our Queen, is all that we can ask;
'Twill raise me to the highest State of Bliss:
But if you frown, and curse me with Despair,
The vilest Slave, that the whole Earth do's bear,
Is not so miserable a Wretch as I:
Let me not sink beneath the duntful weight;
But bounteous in your Love, reward my Sufferings.

Mira. Great Sir, I took your Words for soft Amusement,
But now must answer in another Style.
A Crown and Throne are far beyond my Thoughts,
Born, and betrothed to an humbler State,
And Nuptial Pledges past to join our Hearts,
Nor must I know a second Marriage-Bed,
Whilst that my Husband lives to bless my Hopes;
Plurality of Wives our Law denies.
As great a Sin to leave a Husband's Bed,
Nor Honour, nor Religion will allow it.

Mang. Then how accurst am I? Our Laws allow
Much more, giving the choicest Women up
With Reverence to their Monarch's sole Embrace;
But I would quit the World, and all for you,
And give myself to your Embrace alone.

Mira. It cannot be, and I must hear no more.
Cease, cease betimes, and in its infant Bud
Crush the keen Serpent curls about your Heart,
The Dawn of Love is easy to retract;
'Tis but a feeble liking at the first,
And by collecting Manly Force may be
Driv'n from its Hold; Impossibility
Destroys all Hopes: Some Fair One known
Take to your Arms, and bless with greater Joys.
This Passion soon will fade: And I,
Nor you shall be guilty of Crimes, that Heav'n
Would most severely punish with revengeful Fire. *[Exeunt Mi-
tanda and Isabella.*

Mang. Something all gay within my Mind appear'd:
But now the airy Vision's fled and gone,
And black Despair insults with sullen Form,
Tears out my Heart, and wracks my tortur'd Soul:
Is this to be a King, and to command?
Deluding Greatness, all is but a Cheat,
The poorest Cottage holds a happier Lord.
Yet I have Hopes, foretold she should repeat
Blessings upon my Head, and ease my Cares:
Perhaps the time's not come, then Passion wait,
Be hush'd, and still, and joyfully obey;

To struggle with my Chain, a greater Torture adds;
And makes me see Despair in all its Forms;
Rest then my Soul in lasting Joys of Peace,
Relenting Love can all my Passions ease.

Enter Siripus.

Sirip. I see a fiery Gleam dart from your Eyes;
Something uncommon ruffles your smooth Temper:
Have these white Dogs in ought oppos'd your Will?
Tell me, and by the Genius of our Land
I swear, before the Morning Sun arise,
I will root out this feeble Generation.

Mang. No, *Siripus*, our Fate do's take another Turn;
Miranda, in whose Breast lie all our Joys,
And without whom my Life's of slender Date,
Just now declared, and wretched I did hear it,
Unto another Man she has given all
That Wealth of Love, and made him blest,
While none but Curses do's remain for me.

Sirip. She shall be mine, or his, I'll raise him up to force. [*Aside.*
Where's then your Hopes? Will mild Intreaty move?
Sit like a pensive Lover, cross your Arms,
And sigh to the pale Moon whole silent Nights;
Call loud on *Cupid*, or some petty God,
And see if they will bring your Mistress to you;
If that won't do, pen Sonnets on her Name;
Write Love Songs, and then dwindle from a King,
And set up for Romantic whining Lovers;
It well becomes your State, and suits a Throne.

Mang. What can I do, lost in a Labyrinth of Care?

Sirip. Rouse up your Manly Courage;
Call but your Wisdom to a Friendly Aid,
And all these Mists of Passion fly the Field:
Suppose the Foe were ready on the Plain,
Drawn up in Battle, and the Day were come,
The great deciding Day to fix your Throne,
The bold Invader grasping at your Crown,
Would you sit tamely still, and whine for Love,
'Till by their Swords in a large purple Flood
Your Life and Love extinguish'd at a Stroke?

Mang. My warmer Blood begins to take its round,
And drives the cold-damp Fog that seiz'd my Heart.

Sirip. Then can you leave within another's Arms
The Idol of your Heart? Think, if you love,
What Horror it must move, to have her Sweets
Enjoy'd, perhaps too by the Man you hate
Remove the hated Object to your Sight,
Suppose you see her Treasures all bestow'd
Upon another, and her lavish Love
In wanton Dalliance pass the time away,
Can you sit tamely still, and bear all this?

Mang. I can forbear no longer, speak, what's to be done?
I will myself go pull their Towers down,
Run on their Cannon, seize the dastard Crew,
And take the Fair One by my Force of Arms.

Sirip. Now you too rashly move, as Lovers use;
If you're for Force, which is the readiest Way,
That only now is left, take my Advice,
And piece the Lion's with the Fox's Skin.

Mang. I'll hear all Day, if you will feed my Hopes.

Sirip. Then summon all your Guards, and Forces near,
And a strong Ambush place within this Wood,
Whilst I with loaded Stores, and Liquor known
Of potent Strength to intoxicate the Brain,
Born by our Natives, will attend the Fort,
As if to knit our new made Friendship stronger.
Then in the midst of Revelling, and Wine,
When the dark Night has seiz'd the rest with Sleep,
Our Weapons hid within the Stores we bring,
Shall thence be taken forth, and grisly Death
Will walk in Pomp his Round within those Walls.

Mang. Can it be done no other way? There seems
A bloody Scene of dismal Prospect near.

Sirip. Stand firm, or else for ever lose her;
When on yon Tower you see a flaming Pine
In wave above the Battlements ascend,
Come on in haste, it'll fly open for you.

Mang.

Mang. Brave *Siripus*, lead on; my Soul inflam'd
By you, through Swords, and mounting Flames makes way,
'Till in my Arms I seize the Beauteous Prey. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The Scene continues, Enter Daan.

Daan. The Time is past, and this the appointed Place,
How much these White Men do exceed our Blacks!
Of them I've tried the Weak, the Strong, sans Number.
But none can with the lusty Frier compare.
He us'd to be more punctual to his time.
But, what comes here?

*Enter Father Jaques as the Indians had stript him, with the Fool's
Cap on his Head, Daan screams out.*

Ha! What Monster art thou? Speak.

F. Jaq. Buz — I shall stop your Mouth — I thought you
might have known me by Instinct — had not my plump round
Body shown you who I am — 'Tis well — a Whore should
never miss her Assignment — And I find you stand upon your
Honour here — as much as ours in Spain — 'Tis true — your
People have but indifferently Cloath'd me — *St. Anthony* reward
them for it.

Daan. Where is the sacred Habit, Father, you said, that par-
don'd Sins?

F. Jaq. Hum, Hum, Hum — By *St. Anthony*, that could
not now defend itself — But, since you come upon a better
Errant, my black Face Beauty come along.

Daan. You're an unconstant Man, and won't Love me alone;
I hear there is a White you much admire.

F. Jaq. Psha — don't believe 'em, tho' you saw me kiss
her — 'twas but a Salutation made in Charity — I own, I
did accost *Francisca*, when in the Ship — because there was no
other to be had — Necessity must be obey'd — but can I
leave that shining jetty Face now I have prov'd the value of
it — delude me not — I can no longer forbear. [Takes
her in his Arms, and forces her out.

SCENE.

SCENE. III.

The Scene an Apartment in the Fort, Enter Miranda and Isabella.

Mira. How subject are we Women to Misfortunes?
If Nature form us with a pleasing Feature,
Some Fool runs mad, and plagues us with his Love.

Isab. Methinks I pity that poor *Indian King*,
His Passion flows with such a natural Stream,
It can conceal no counterfeited Arts.

Enter Nuno.

Nun. My *Isabella* here! When last we met,
With doubtful Words you answer'd my Demands;
Your Vows resolv'd, will ease my careful Tears.

Mira. A Maiden's Blushes well may keep her silent,
And Womens roving Thoughts can't soon be fix'd;
Besides as we unsettl'd here remain,
It yields but an indifferent Scene for Love.

Isab. To think of Marriage in a Foreign Land,
Unsettl'd Cares disturbing us around,
Would bring what troubles yet we can't discern.
Let time first fix us firm, no danger near;
For should a pretty Babe, the Pledge of Love,
Be Born into this Southern World, and Wars,
And ruin follow, it may be snatch'd
From out the Mother's Arms, and in its Death,
By double Grief destroy its Parents.

Enter Hurtado, and Mosquera.

Hurt. We have sought you, Governor, and gladly find
You here: Provisions in the Fort grow scarce,
The hungry Soldier mutters angry Words:
They came not here, they say, to starve; but to
Enlarge the bounds of *Spain*, and heap up Wealth.
'Tis true, of Gold they have each Man his Share;
But that they cannot Eat: And since our last
Disturbance with the Natives, none will bring
Or Flesh, or Fruit, as if in Policy
They meant to starve, and drive us from their Land.

Mosq. Some Remedy we speedily must find,
The Fort will else be naked left,
The Soldiers all will venture forth for Forrage.

Nun.

Nun. Draw out with speed, *Hurtado*, Fifty Men,
Take of the choicest of our Garrison,
And next yourself, *Mosquera* may Command;
Then make a Sally, view the Country round,
By Barter purchase; or denied, by force
Bring in sufficient to support our Men.

Hurt. What we must do, requires utmost speed. [Exeunt
Hurtado and Mosquera.

Nun. In hopes, fair *Isabella*, time may produce
Effects will answer to your happy wish;
I respite Love till better Days approach,
And then will firmly lay a constant Claim.
Hurtado shall engage his powerful Art,
Who has the Skill to captivate a Heart.
If my unskilful Tongue can't gain your Love,
I must the Assistance have of greater Aid;
United Forces may at last prevail,
Attended with a Faith, will never fail.

Enter *Francisca.*

Franc. While I this Moment on the Battlements
Stood, to behold our Men drawn out, and saw
Them past the Eastern Gate, there enter'd
By the Western Tower, a mighty Train
Of the Black Natives, loaded with Provisions;
And *Siripus*, 'tis said, do's lead them on.
But here he comes.

Enter *Siripus*, some Spanish Soldiers conducting him in.

Sirip. You have done well, I see the Governor. [To the Sol-
diers, who Exeunt.

Doubling your Wants, having some time been absent,
With new Supplies I come, to store your Fort;
And that I might regain your first Esteem,
I have bestow'd large Shares amongst your Men.

Nun. Good *Siripus*, you always are our constant Friend.
Come, let us walk, that I may make
A kind Return for this obliging Care.

[Exeunt Omnes.

SCENE.

SCENE IV.

Scene the Wood, Enter Mangora with the Indian Forces.

Mang. Here Halt, amongst these Trees we lie,
Cover'd by the dark Shades of Night, secure
From any Eye: And now, methinks,
This very Night foretells the dismal Work;
The dusky Fogs fly thick upon the Earth,
The Stars all mantl'd in the blackest Clouds,
Not one dares peep to view our great Design:
Sure now the Time draws near, for I have heard
Confus'd Noise, like Drunkards in a Brawl;
His Engine takes, the Intoxicating Drinks
Will make the Soldiers, late but hardly kept,
Soon lose their Reason: Drunken Madness then
Will leave them open to our full Revenge.
But see the flaming Pine on yonder Tower,
The Signal given, to light them to their Graves.
March on, and boldly seize the conquer'd Fort,
Upon your Lives spare not a Man, but all the Women save.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

The Scene Part of the Fort, Enter Father Jaques frighted.

F. Jaq. O bloody Dogs! They kill our Men like Calves —
and the poor drunken Rogues can't help themselves — But here
they come — now Jaques for thy Life —

*A Noise of Shrieks, and Groans, and Clashing of Swords with-
out, an Alarum beat, the Bell Rings: Father Jaques climbs the
Balcony, and hangs by his Habit.*

By St. Anthony, this Habit never did me good — Since Daan
purg'd my Vapours, I mount methinks like a Squirrel —

[*A Noise above.*]

What here again — then I must march down Stairs.

*He goes back over the Balcony upon the Stage. Enter Indians and
Spaniards Fighting, he runs upon the Indians, gets some Wea-
pons, and Fights ridiculously, but is killed at the Door, and
drag'd out, the Spaniards driven out.*

SCENE.

SCENE VI.

The Scene changes to the Parade of the Fort, Enter Nuno meeting Mangora, with Soldiers on both sides, Drums beating, and Indian Warlike Instruments sounding.

Nun. 'Tis well, Infernal Fiend, I've met you here,
Nor shall this Treachery protect you long,
Behold the utmost limit of thy Days.

Mang. Come on then, Preacher, use your Sword, not Words.

They Fight, Mangora falls.

I have meant well, but fail'd in my design,
And Blood has quench'd the fatal Fire of Love. [Dies.]

The Fight renews, the Spaniards are driven out, Nuno mortally Wounded, falls upon Mangora's Body.

Nun. Farewell my Country, and my dearest Friends,
I find the Thread of Life with violence brok'n;
Yet this adds vigour to my dying Thoughts,
That for my Country, I my Life Relinquish. [Dies.]

Enter Siripus, driving in Miranda, Isabella, and Francisca, a Noise of blowing up, and Guns without. The Fort seems all on fire in a transparent flat Scene, the Stage being darkned.

Sirip. Go on, or I shall goad you with my Sword.

Mira. O miserable State! Most certain, Death is nigh.

Isab. What wretched Creatures must we now become?

Sirip. None of your Whites are left to guard you here:
What my Brother Slain? Then I am Lord of all.

Mira. Most lost of Women! Every way undone.

Isab. 'Tis only Death can make us happy now.

Sirip. March on, or I shall drive you forth.

[They drive the Women out before them with their Swords, and Exeunt.]

G

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

*The Scene opens to an Apartment in the Indian Palace,
and discovers Miranda, Isabella, and Francisco.*

Mira. TELL me not now of Comfort; all the World
Is grown a Scene of Misery and Woe.

I saw Destruction reign in all its Forms,
Horrid and grisly, and belmear'd with Blood.
The Phantom Death triumphant reigns around :
What did I say, 'twas Death the King of Terrors ?
No, 'twas Despair, that dash'd us all with Gore,
And cried, 'twas time our Happiness should cease.
Black let him be, he shall not fright me more ;
For in *Hurtado's* Arms I'll fly to Heaven.

Isa. Let but your Thoughts unbend a moment's time :
Your settled Grief seizes too firmly on you.
We know not yet, Fortune may turn the Scale.

Mira. The Scale——are we all weigh'd ? yes, in the livid Air.
The Ballance, that divides in equal Parts
So many Circles of continued Years.
Methinks I see it now : Yonder the Beam,
That holds us, mounts aloft, and strikes the Skies,
Whilst Vanity, vexatious Cares, and earthly Toys,
Sink down, deep as the Center——Let it be,
The greater Weight, the more our Souls ascend.

Isa. I cannot blame you ; for this instant now,
Distraction buzzes in my busy Brains.

Try, if by Rest you can divert this Frenzy.

Mira. Frenzy in me ! I am all over mild,
Gentle as Kids, that suck their milky Dams :
All kind, all soft, with easy Pleasures lull'd ;
And sure I came from a bright Sphere above,
Saw Cupids dallying in eternal Spring,
And Gods and Goddesses in softest Loves
Passing the Time, as happy Lovers should ;

When

MANGORA

49

When a bright Vision gave into my Hand
A Branch of Palm, as Sovereign of the Place;
Another crown'd my Head with Rays of Light,
Whilst I sunk down beneath the glorious Weight. [*She sinks on
the Floor, with her Head in Isabella's Lap.*]

Isa. Rest, poor perturbed Soul; may Visions bless
Ease all your Cares, and bring your Sense again,
Restoring all the Faculties of Life
Unto the Use that Nature did design.

Franc. O my poor Lady! How can we ease her Grief?

Isa. You speak, as if we had not all a share:
And yet, but half her Sorrows can we know.
Ours is a Fear of what our selves may suffer;
She has the better Part, a Husband lost,
Who may be in the general Ruin sunk.
She smiles, as pleas'd with what her Vision frames;
May it auspicious be to happy Days.
She gently wakes without disorder'd Motion.

Mira. Dear *Isabella*, raise me from the Ground,
My feeble Legs scarce bear my weaker Body.
Thou saw'st me sleep—

Isa. And saw you smiling wake.

Mira. My dear *Hurtado* stood before my Eyes,
Told me he liv'd, and bid me Comfort take;
For in a little, very little time,
He would conduct me to the happiest State.
But this was only Vision in a Dream.

Isa. Sure 'twas a Blessing sent to ease your Grief,
Which had your Understanding quite destroy'd;
And he may live, sent from the Fort before
The general Devastation came.
Who knows, but Heaven has still preserv'd his Life,
To save us from these wild Barbarian Hands,
And Vengeance take for Blood of many slain?

Mira. Thou giv'st me Comfort, did not reach my Thoughts!

Isa. Then let us, trusting in Almighty Power,
Rouse our faint Spirits, not distrust an Aid
Heaven may afford, tho' we don't see the Means;
And if it is decreed, that we must fall,

Death brings at last to all Mankind Relief;
Then let us nobly like our selves resolve
To bear all Fortunes with unshaken Souls.

Enter Siripus.

Sir. I come not now to sue in gentle Terms.
Let the fond Youth, that fears his Mistress Frowns,
Descend so much below our manly Sex:
I will command as Master of my Fate.
'Twas such dull Fools first rais'd your sullen Pride,
To make you think Mankind were all your Slaves;
But know, our *Indian* Souls are form'd
Of an *Etherial* Temper, firm, unhook,
And unrelenting to a Woman's Tears.
Prepare to love, or else to suffer Death.

Mira. Death, as the happier Choice, I will receive,
With open Arms embrace the coming Steel,
Which will remove me from a Glimpse of Hell.

Srip. What Hell? To be the Partner of a King,
With Sovereignty and Power command the World,
Is this a Hell? Does that displease your Mind?

Mira. Yes, thou art Hell: Damnation on thy Front
In Characters of largest size is stamp'd,
And to be Partner with the worst of Fiends,
Is equally to share his curst Scate.

Srip. Woman, you rave; but I shall cool your Heat,
And take by force what you to Love deny. [*Offers to lay hold of her.*]

Mira. Monster, stand off, thou Brute in humane Shape;
The Powers above will guard a Chastity.
Tho' we most wretched fell into your hands,
'Twas for a Punishment to our Misdeeds;
But if you act beyond what Heaven allows,
The flaming Lightning, brandish'd from above,
Will pierce that horrid Form, and molder it to Ashes.

Srip. And have you Champions in the Skies?
Well, I shall try their Pow'r, of which you boast.

Isabella snatches his Sword from his Side.

Isa. Here, Sister, guard your Virtue from this Devil.

Mira. Now, Heaven, base Villain, puts it in my pow'r
By different ways to save a spotless Fame:

Re-enter Hurtado.
Hurt. Can I so tamely bear this wretched Life,
 Whilst my *Miranda* suffers Violence?
 O wretched Man! born to the worst of Ills;
 It is resolv'd, I'll die, or share her Danger.

Re-enter the Indians with Malivag, who offer to fall upon Hurtado.
 Hold for a moment, hear what I would say.
 Your Numbers may oppress my weaken'd Arm,
 You may my Life at dear Expence of Blood
 With many Hazards purchase; yet to prevent
 The following Mischiefs, know, I have declared
 Things of great moment: If you take my Life,
 All undiscover'd must remain in silence;
 Promise with speed to lead me to your King,
 And I'll surrender up my self your Prisoner.

Mali. It shall be done.
 Lead on in triumph to the Palace Gate. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E III.

The Scene an Antichamber in the Palace.

Enter Siripus.

Sirip. To have these Women all at my Command,
 And yet to want Performance of my Will,
 Fires all my Blood, and tortures me in vain.
 The burning Mountain, in our Kingdom plac'd,
 Within its Bowels holds no greater Flames,
 Than what consume the vital Streams of Life.
 Raging Desire hurries me along,
 Which being oppos'd by their undaunted Virtue,
 A thing of which I never heard before,
 Wracks me with Pains no longer to be born,
 And yet my coward Heart links at their bold Denial.

Enter Malivag with Hurtado guarded with Indians.

Hurt. Great Prince, see how the Chance of War
 With doubtful Fortune waits upon the Brave.
 Last Morning Sun saw us a happy People,
 Enjoying all the Goodness of this Land,
 Whilst hourly Favours from your Bounty flow'd.
 But how Displeasure suddenly arose,

And

And dash't us all with one destructive Blow,

To me with Admiration is unknown.

Sirip. A useful Thought is lab'ring in my Mind: *[Aside.]*
Retire, and leave us here alone with this same White *[Exit]*

Hurtado, so I think they call your Name: *[Indians.]*

I have a Business of a near Concern;

You may preserve your Life, and do me Service; I am

Which, if you can to my Desires perform,

Share all my Wealth, and Kingdom, as your own;

Some Women of the Fort I have preserv'd;

And one *Miranda*, fairer than the Rest,

I do confess has much surpriz'd my Heart.

Hurt. Death, and Confusion! I'm forever lost. *[Aside.]*

Sirip. You shall have Freedom to go visit her;

And in Expression of the softest Stile,

Move with Success the Passion of my Soul;

You are well known, a Native of her Clime,

And what you say, she will with Ease believe.

My Nature's rough, unpolish'd to declare

The Force of Love unto a Woman's Ear.

This Key, that Door conducts you to the Place;

I will retire, Success attend your Care. *[Exit Siripus.]*

Hurt. I am amaz'd! Nor know I where I am;

Such sudden Changes do confound my Reason;

The Husband chose a Pander to his Wife,

What subtle Game has Fortune now to play?

Yet I am blest to see *Miranda's* Face. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV.

The Scene opens to an Apartment of the Indian Palace, and disco-

vers Miranda, Isabella, and Francisca.

Enter Hogen above.

Hogen. Is that the White for whom I am despis'd?

Can that pale Colour captivate the Men?

My riper Black shows Nature's Vigour here;

She seems as sprung from an abortive Race:

I've once more satisfied my Sight—

Enter

Enter Hurtado

But who comes here? A Man of the same feeble kind?
I'll stay, and hear what passes in Discourse.

Mira. Am I awake? Deluding Vision say,
What brought you here, for it can never be—

Hurt. My dear *Miranda*, take me to your Arms,
The same *Hurtado*, ever constant yours. *[Embrace.]*

Mira. Am I alive? The Joy flows quick upon me,
'And with Excess stifles my willing Speech:
O never, never let us part again.

Hurt. There is a Web of Fate hangs o'er our Lives,
Which if we can break thro' we may be happy;
But, O! I Fear, hem'd in with Dangers round,
There hardly can be found a Remedy.

Isab. O! Brother, tell by what good Fortune led,
You came to free us from this Land of Woe?

Hurt. I rather come to bear a part in Grief,
'And how I came, you shall hereafter hear:
But this with Wonder, and with Sorrow know
The *Indian King*, has chose me from Mankind,
Who am your most endearing Husband,
To traffick with you on his Trade of Lust.

Hog. So, that's the Husband, now I have enough,
To ruin them, and Reinslate myself. *[Exit Hogen.]*

Mira. Fright me no more with the disturbing Words
Of that Barbarian King; but give me hopes,
Shall we be now reliev'd?

Hurt. First draw these Curtains, lest we be o'erheard.

SCENE. V.

The Scene shifts, and Represents an Antichamber. Enter Siripus.

Sirip. High in my joyful Hopes I wait an Answer,
To ease my lab'ring Heart from Pangs of Love:
The Mountain Shepherd, or the Cottage Swain,
Cannot be Slaves to Love, as Monarchs are,
But easy take into their longing Arms,
Their swarthy Dames, to cure their lovesick Minds.

Enter

Enter Ilogen.

My Wife again, how much I loath that sight?
She crosses me like a Disease I'd shun,
And with her Looks does almost blast my Hopes.

Ilog. I come to bring you Health, and safe Deliverance
From all the anxious Troubles of your Mind.

As I was walking in the Gallery,
By chance I saw an unthought Scene of Love:
Your Captive White, disconsolate, and sad,
Was pensively lamenting her Misfortune,
When as I gaz'd, a White Man, known before,
Enter'd the Room, at which surpriz'd, she started;
But soon recovering her disorder'd Fears,
She threw herself into his open Arms.

Sirip. Furies, and Hell! Is this the Cure you bring
To my diseased Thoughts? Such comfort 'tis,
As Wives too oft afford their patient Husbands:
Damnation seize thee for the baleful News.

My Guards, what ho!

[Enter Indian Guards.]

Hast, run, destroy, to pieces tare their Limbs,
And scatter o'er the Plain their mangled Parts.
Hold, now this Moment like to clotted Snakes,
They may ingender Venom of their Kind.

Confusion — fly all, and with an Arrow's speed,

Fetch me *Miranda*, and *Hurtado* hither. *[Exeunt Indian Guards.]*

I will revenge me on their double Falshood,
And each shall die by different ways of Torture.

Ilog. He is her Husband, by their Laws made so.

Sirip. Her Husband! — Death, and Hell! —
That burning Passion banish'd from my Thoughts.

Ilog. I thought the knowing this, would help your Anguish.

Sirip. Thou Plague, to cure me, with a worse Disease.

Ilog. His Rage runs high, I'll leave him while I may. *[Aside.]*

[Exit Ilogen.]

Enter Indian Guards with Hurtado and Miranda.

Sirip. Thou treach'rous White, of the true damning Colour,
Did I intrust the Secrets of my Soul,
To be deluded by your basest Arts?
You urg'd my Passion with uncommon Ardour,

H

When

When you had her within your loath'd Embrace.
Confusion on you both, ye white fac'd Dogs.

Hurt. Know, *Siripus*, your Rage do's vainly move,
For we are joyn'd by Heav'n, as well as Love.

Sirip. Yes, you are Man and Wife, I will not part two Devils,
You shall be joyn'd in Death, as well as Life. [*Miranda runs into Hurtado's Arms.*]

Mira. Then, my *Hurtado*, in your Arms I'll die;
And welcome Death, since we shall go together.

Hurt. We'll never part, here let them pierce us both,
And fix us Monuments of lasting Love.

Sirip. Tare off their hold, and force them both asunder.

Mira. That cannot be, while Life of any Part
Keeps its firm Station in my feeble Body;
A Finger, joyn'd with force of truest Love,
Will hold with strength, more than you Guards can move.

[*Guards offer to lay hold on them.*]

Hurt. Villains stand off, we know we are to die,
The greatest Mercy, that you can bestow;
But shall not die an unrevenged Death,
Nigh at your Doors Destruction waits you all;
And when we both are mounting on a Cloud,
To the Bright Regions of Eternal Day,
You shall be rolling in a gulf of Fire,
Where nothing's constant, but Eternal Pain;
There howl, ye Wretches, With the Blest above,
We'll celebrate the Joys of Heavenly Love.

Sirip. Ye fearful Cowards, what can two disarm'd,
And one a Woman, keep you at a Bay?
Or are you all become their Guard, not mine?
By Heaven, if ye with speed do not divide
Those loath'd Embraces, odious to my sight,
I'll have you all impaled.

The Guards force them asunder.

Mira. Oh, cruel Wretches! Hast, dispatch me here,
And glut the Tyrant with a Woman's Death.

Hurt. Inhumane Monsters? Whither do you drag
A Jewel all the knowing World would prize?

Sirip.

Sirip. Bear her into the Plain, and in a Pile
Of Wood, with burning Flames devour
That hated Object from my Sight.

Mira. 'Twill only purge me from my Earthly dross,
And make my purer Soul ascend to Heaven.

Sirip. Then to torment her more, within her sight,
Bind that false Villain to a knotty Oak,
And with small Arrows pierce his naked Body,
'Till in fierce Agonies of Mortal pain,
The feeble Wretch expire.

Hurt. Now, my *Miranda*, comes the trial on;
Stand firm, and shake not at the fear of Death,
It will relieve us from a World of Sorrow;
How many happy Days we've liv'd in Peace,
And now shall see each other fly to Heaven!

Mira. Doubt not my Courage, tho' my strength is weak,
A Woman's Soul, tho' feeble in her Sex,
May be inspired from Heaven with powerful Force,
And giving Life to save a spotless Body,
Will purchase Joys above our humane Thought;
Lead on then boldly; this is the happiest Day,
It gives us Life, which you can't take away. [Exeunt Omnes.]

SCENE VI.

*The Scene the outside of the Palace, with the Gates shut, and the
Walls man'd with Indians. Enter Gavot, and Mosquera, with
Spanish Soldiers Marching.*

Mosq. The Heavens, great Gavot, added fresh Winds
[Drum beats a March]

Unto your flying Sails, to make your speed so swift,
And needful Succour you in time have brought,
To save those few, the Tyrant's Rage has left.

Gav. Here fix me down before these Palace Walls,
The other Forces on the North surround it,
And Summons sent already to the Place;
But the bold Tyrant, mad in his despair,

Makes Rashness Courage to support his Pow'r. [Field Pieces go off without,

Mosq. Those Guns give dreadful Summons to the Place,
And soon will make us Masters of the Palace.

A great Shout, *Victoria*, without; the Indians leap from the Walls,
and are pursu'd by the Soldiers.

Gav. Methoughts I heard *Victoria* echo from within;
And see, the *Indians* trust most to their Heels.
The Gates are open'd, and the *Indian King*
Led out in Triumph by our conquering Soldiers.

Mosq. Fair *Isabella* and *Francisca* come,
'Tis now a certain Jubilee on Earth,
And I am blest beyond Man's feeble Thoughts.

Isa. Had you been here but some few Hours sooner,
The brave *Hurtado* might have been reliev'd,
And poor *Miranda* not have suffer'd Death,
Who now, dear Souls, are with the Bless'd above. [Weeps.

Gav. Is fair *Miranda* and *Hurtado* slain?

Isa. *Miranda* burnt, *Hurtado* shot to Death,
And I each Hour expecting my own Fate:
But by uncommon Providence you took the Place,
And sav'd me from the Jaws of sure Destruction.

Gav. Bring forth the Tyrant—— [The Soldiers bring Siripus before Gavot.

Now, thou cruel Monster, tremble, and behold
The Punishment that Heaven ordains for Murder.
Pretending Friendship, basely you destroy'd
Our Friends, harmless, and trusting to your Words,
And trading with you for your barter'd Goods:
No War proclaim'd, no hostile Act perform'd,
The Fort surprized in the dead Time of Night,
And sleeping Wretches murder'd for your Sport.
You have committed Deeds of barbarous kind,
The good *Hurtado* murder'd in cold Blood,
And beautiful *Miranda* burnt to Ashes:
For all these Crimes now Justice overtakes you.

There

There lead him forth, and on the cruel Wheel
 Let all his Bones be broke, that every Part
 May feel a dying Pain; then in the Air
 Expose to view his living bruised Body,
 That Vultures and devouring Birds may prey
 Upon his mangled Flesh, and tear out Life
 By slow degrees from his Infernal Heart.

Sirip. You've said your worst, to do is in my pow'r,
 And all your Force sha'n't draw one Sigh from hence;
 But take the Plagues I wish upon your Heads:
 May the Contagion from our slaughter'd Men
 Rise up in Stench, and putrify the Air,
 That fierce Diseases of new kinds may reign,
 And sweep your Men away like Autumn Plagues:
 May cursed Hunger of your golden Wealth
 Raise such Divisions in your Colonies,
 That what Diseases spare, the Sword may kill:
 And to compleat my Wish, may'st thou, new White,
 See all this done, and starve to Death thy self. [*Siripus led out.*
 Now lead me where you will. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

S C E N E VII.

The Scene opens, and discovers the Wood. Siripus appears broke on the Wheel, guarded with Spanish Soldiers.

Gav. See the Reward due to a Tyrant's Rage.
 May all such Monsters suffer like this *Indian*:
 In Streams of Blood he drencht his harden'd Soul,
 And feels a Torment fit for cruel Deeds.
 You must, *Mosquera*, now command this Land,
 And being Viceroy, hold your Claim from *Spain*:
 Take lovely *Isabella* to your Arms,
 A Partner of your Pow'r, than which I know
 No Deed on Earth can gratify you more;
 And *Isabella* seems to approve my Words.

Isa. 'Tis the fulfilling of our plighted Faith,
 Long since engag'd by full Consent of Friends.

Gav.

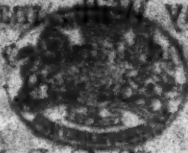
Gav. Then give me leave to join those Hands,
Whose Hearts were join'd before. [Gives Isabella to Mosquera.

Mosq. Like Life restor'd unto a sinking Wretch,
Amazing Pleasure seizes all my Heart.

Gav. Whilst I to Spain return for greater Aid,
May you by all the Natives be obey'd.
With Mildness rule, 'twill gain each Subject's Heart,
Kind Moderation is the chiefest Art.

Exit Omnes
But take the Plague I will upon your Heads
May the Contagion from our lungs be sent
Rise up in stench, and purify the Air
That fierce Diseases of new kinds may rise
And sweep your Men away like Autumn Leaves
May cursed Plagues of your golden West
Rise such Diseases in your Colonies

That what Diseases there, the sword may kill
And to complete my Will, may I show new Whips
See all this done, and I will be your God
Now lead me where you please



SCENE VII

The End of the Fifth Act.

Que. See the Reward due to a Tyrant's Hand
May all such Monsters suffer like this Indian
In Streams of Blood be drench'd his hardened Soul
And feels a Torment fit for cruel Beds
You must, Mosquera, now condemn this Land
And being Vice-roy, hold your Claim from Spain
I like lovely Justice to your Arms
A Partner of your Power, than which I know
No Deed on Earth can grant you more
And Isabella seems to approve my Words
In the running of our plighted Word
Long since engag'd by full Consent of Friends

The EPILOGUE design'd to be spoke
by Father *Jaques* as a Ghost rising in
the Middle of the Stage.

Ladies, don't squeak, because I seem a Spirit,
I come to please you now, and not to fright.

The mad Author

that he might your Fancy tickle,
Has dress'd me out in this unseemly Pickle.
You saw me kill'd by black Dogs in the Play;
Now from Purgatory I've sneakt away;
To tell you News: For there are strange things done;
In all their Hummums there is ne'er a Nun.
Twas told me, they go streight to Heaven or Hell,
According as on Earth their Lots befell.
Some are so clean, they need not to be scow'd,
They ne'er by Holy Fathers were o'erpower'd;
Others damn'd jilting Tricks so oft have play'd,
There is no scouring Pit for such yet made.
But since
Our holy Brothers do such Store prepare,
They will provide against another Fire.
Now Whore or Punk, tho' barefac'd in the Pit,
May still drudge on
Since Purgatory's Scouring all can quit,
I will absolve you all, prepare your Way,
If you'll be friendly to his first-born Play;
It may encourage better for another Day.
Tho' he gains nothing, shoulda it be our Fate,
Twere worse than Purgatory, bellish Fate.
But now Good-nature pleads, and in our name;
My Pupils are good-natur'd in the main;
Howe'er we hope here no Affront is given;
Give us your Earth, and I will warrant Heaven.

THE EPILOGUE to *Mangrove*,
intended to be spoke by

TO write of distant Lands, and Deeds of old,
Our Author may be thought joyful bold;
When at our Doors Scenes shift such various Shapes,
And those who wou'd seem wise turn'd Trichsters, Apes,
Then being mighty zealous, and devout,
Some their Religion have so buzz'd about,
Till they had lost it, or had turn'd it out,
Enough of that——for none will seek it here;
And a religious Playhouse wou'd be damn'd severe:
To foreign Shores he therefore guides his Pen,
Describes another sort of brutish Men,
In former Times, before the World refin'd;
And yet I can't but say, some Puppies will be blind.
You've seen a faithful Husband and a Wife,
And you'll say, that was awkward on my Life.
But since she was so cruel and uncivil,
'Twas Trick for Trick——

——If Smut wou'd send her to the Devil.
This may some slight unthinking Mortals please,
To whom Morality seems a Disease;
But raising Virtue is our Author's Aim;
Yet fears that Monsters never will reclaim,
Tho' Goodness were disclos'd in all its charming Part;
Wolves change their Hair, but never change their Hearts;
Should we then fear to expose a naked Vice?
Or for the Name, or Habit be so Nice?
No——if a Reverend Rascal shou'd be Dril,
What Fool would seek to hide the latent Evil?
Then 'tis our Duty Vices to detect,
From Gown to Jerkin, without least Respect.
'Tis the Prerogative of the laborious Stage
Both to instruct and to correct the Age.